

Carpentier Not Worried Over Small Ring—Dempsey Whistles as He Ends Training Grind

No Manhasset Jail Comes on Battling Space

All Serene in Invader's Camp. Despite Limited Room for Getting Away

By Fred Hawthorne

MANHASSET, N. Y., June 29.—George Carpentier, Francois Deschamps and Gus Wilson, fighter, manager and trainer respectively, the combination that will do battle for the world's heavyweight championship at Rickard's Arena in Jersey City on Saturday afternoon against Jack Dempsey, Jack Kearns and Teddy Hayes, are so supremely confident of victory in the "Battle of the Century" that they don't care what the size of the ring is in which that battle is fought.

This came out to-day after Deschamps had returned from a minute inspection of the ring. The Marquis of Queensberry rules call for a 24-foot ring, but the space inside the ropes at Rickard's Arena will measure not more than eighteen feet at the most, and it probably will be nearer to seven feet.

From the structure itself, measuring from the center of each ring post, is twenty feet square, but the iron bucklers, to which the ropes themselves are attached, measure about three feet, and when this length is taken off the inside of the ropes measurement, the space of the space which the men will have for battling room is approximately seventeen feet square.

Not Even a Murrain

It was thought until to-day that once Deschamps had fastened his two snapping bright eyes on the "miniature" ring he would be loud in his protestations and that he would not be like that happened. After the laborer Francis had returned to his sleepy old farmhouse, where Carpentier has done all his training, he was asked "Don't you think it is pretty small for Carpentier if he decides to step out of the ring?"

"Ah! oui, non; jamais, too sweet!" gushed M. Francis, "face 90-44-100 per cent ring. At least that's the way his words sounded to one who does not swing a genuine Gallic mouthpiece, and then the little manager relapsed into French and said: "The ring est grand-a-t, fine! We are perfectly satisfied!"

While in Jersey City, Deschamps applied to Tex Rickard for police protection for Carpentier from the time Georges enters the immense arena until the leaves the inclosure, victor or vanquished. This precaution is taken to prevent any possible injury to Carpentier while he is on his way to and from the ring and while foraging his way through the terrific jam of humanity that will be whirling about inside and outside the arena.

There was no story floating around here to-day regarding Carpentier's plans for going to the scene of battle on Saturday. One of the Georges, Deschamps, Wilson and Thierry Mallet will board a private motor yacht at Manhasset about 10 o'clock in the morning and sail all the way to Jersey City, going ashore at private dock there and then retiring to the house of a French friend of Carpentier in Jersey City, there to remain until it is time to leave for the ringside. This rumor, of course, he taken with a little water on the side.

The other, and more logical, report had it that the party will go by automobile, taking a circuitous route to avoid crowds and slipping into Jersey City through the "family entrance."

The real import of Carpentier's sudden dash from the farm house yesterday from an swarm of visitors crashed in the swinging gate was missed by the correspondents camped outside the grounds. Georges had a sudden and uncontrollable attack of "nerves," and when he dashed for the automobile in which he made his escape he tried to hide his head, a la ostrich, under a blue sweater that he had half pulled over his head.

This was the first and only public show of nervous irritability that the French challenger has given. It was in no way a "funk," but simply an evidence of the razor edge to which his nervous and physical systems had been sharpened. To-day, however, Georges was his old smiling self, the most carefree man in camp.

A short run on the country roads, four mild rounds with Paul Jourdain and Charley Ledoux, his sparring partners, and Carpentier wound up his active training for the battle of his life. From now until he enters the ring he will take just enough exercise to keep his muscles loosened up. Georges awaits the gong!

It was announced last night from the Rickard offices that there still are plenty of good seats left and that the "early worms" will be able to find seating space close to the ringside, but the "late worms" will be out of luck if they delay too long.

Gentlemen, be seated!

BOXING THURSDAY NIGHT, JUNE 30
Leach CROSS vs. Jimmy Duffy—10 Rounds
Marty Cross vs. Paddy Murphy—10 Rounds
Earl Baird vs. Dutch Brandt—10 Rounds
Mickey Russell vs. Johnny Levine—6 Rounds
Prices \$1, \$2 and \$3
EBBETS FIELD
Box Office Telephone Flatbush 10606.

Jack Dempsey vs. Georges Carpentier
Special Wire From Ringside
Doors Open 1 P. M. Seats
69th Regiment Armory—July 2
Tickets on sale at all hotel & ticket agencies

Carpentier Is French, and You Never Can Tell What These Gallic Athletes Are Going to Do

Remember M. St. Ives, Who Arrived in New York and Did Some Fancy Running?

By James Hopper

In trying to make up the assets of Carpentier's chances against the champion one must remember that he is French. Frenchmen, we all know, are all perfectly crazy. You can never know what they'll do. In this world's well-arranged harmony—as beloved of Heywood Brown—they are the fiendish dope wreckers.

You can't tell what a Frenchman will do. I remember a James Gordon Bennett airplane race which took place in this country before the war. The French flyer was the best flyer and had the fastest plane. The American betting, though, was against him, because he was a beard.

Well, he started out, and right away it was seen that he was going much faster than any one had gone before, and that he was going to win. That is, this was perfectly evident till, about a quarter of a mile from the end of the twenty-mile course, he suddenly stopped flying and came down to earth. Every one ran to him to see what had happened.

Well, what had happened was perfectly simple. He had forgotten to fill his tank before starting, and he had run out of gasoline.

A Slight Omission

This, surely, is a case in point. You see, the sporting writers had doped him not to win because he wore a beard. Yet, in spite of the beard, he would have won, except that he forgot his gasoline. You can never tell what a Frenchman will do.

You especially cannot tell it from his looks. Every one knows the average Frenchman. You'll find him sitting in a cafe on a boulevard, fifty years old, but has resolutely done with you—as far as physical appearance are concerned. His clothes are sober and ill-pressed; his shoes are square-toed. He sits there at his little table with a paunch relaxed, his eyes devoid of light; he seems stupid and stogy. You sit near him and open conversation—and he opens his bearded mouth and utters pearls of wit and wisdom.

One day I landed in Paris with a lady and a trunk. The lady happened to be my wife, the trunk her trunk, and that trunk was to me an universal shame. There were other trunks, too, but not worth mentioning near this one, which, of the dimensions of a California bungalow, had been packed so cunningly that its tiny cargo had taken on the appearance of a mass of molten lead.

Well, the Trunk Came Up

We landed in front of that little French hotel, and the lady, going in, engaged rooms au sixieme. No, Miss Ollendorf, au sixieme does not mean sixth floor, as if it seemed to. French would be altogether too easy if it were that way. Au sixieme means seventh floor. And each floor was of extremely high ceiling and the stairs were polished and narrow, and there was, of course, no elevator. I can't tell you how I suffered as I stood waiting on the sidewalk with that trunk.

Presently the lone garcon of the hotel came out. He was about five feet tall and weighed, I judged, fifty-five pounds. He had curvature of the spine and one of his shoulders was much higher than the other. He took one little look at the trunk which was, if I remember right, just a little taller than he; he took hold on one of the handles, said "Ouf!" and sprang the whole thing to his shoulder. Then he took one breath, and with that one breath proceeded, smoothly up the winding stairway and dropped the trunk at that sixieme, which means seventh. You can never tell what a Frenchman can do.

Case of Saint Ives

And there was Saint Ives. Do you remember Saint Ives? I can't tell you. He had been a waiter in Paris, and he came over to this country some ten years ago to run in an international Marathon. This was in the palm days of Marathon racing, and he had as opponents the best there was—Shrubb Longboat, Dorando—many champions. He was a short, stout little man, with barrel chest and stubby, chubby little fat legs. His running breeches were too long and fell half way to his ankles, and his tri-color jersey was too small and kept bunching up under his chin. At the sound of the gun, as the runners started, a long howl of glee went up from the stands.

He had bounded away as though he were going to run a quarter of a mile

instead of twenty-seven and a fraction. His legs were just twinkling; his fat bleachers the joy was the crazy Frenchman! He's gone bugs! He's amuck! Watch him blow up at the quarter!"

Well, he reached the quarter and did not blow up, and continued, just putting away with his short, flat-headed step. He passed the mile and went on. He ran ten miles and went on.

After that, through the long remainder of that Marathon race, the big runners challenged him one by one. With their long, fine stride, in turn they'd move up and try to take away the lead. They tried it and tried it and tried it—but they never did it.

Meets Each Challenge

He had one simple way of meeting their attack. He would be going along pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. Whenever Shrubb or Longboat or Dorando or any other champion moved up to him he simply went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat a little faster and drew away again. He held the lead to the end and won the race and won many after that, till Father Time—the one who always truly runs to form—had topped him.

I once went from Paris to London with a French football team and watched the game. The French team was playing Wales, which had beaten England, Scotland and Ireland. Three of their best players, by the way, had missed the train, and the manager, with a shrug, had wired to Havre to furnish him three others. All the way up to London those French boys smoked, jested, ate apples and drank wine. On the very morning of the game I saw one of the half backs, a Gascon from Toulouse, at breakfast in the hotel, pease daintily the English bill of fare. Suddenly his dark eyes lit up with inspiration; he called a waiter "Eh, dis done," said he, "couldn't you find me somewhere a little bottle of Bordeaux?"

Well, that gay French team, full of apples and wine, went out and for the first half ran Wales all over the field. They did not score; whenever they got on the point of scoring, they'd carelessly drop the ball—but they ran Wales all over the field. At the end of the half they scattered through the stands to smoke cigarettes and chat with the ladies, while the Welshmen, steaming and glowing, stood in a bunch in the center of the field under the drizzling rain, scornful of comfort and relaxation, and very mad, indeed.

Welshmen Peaved

The end of the intermission came; the Frenchmen were still in the stands. The Welsh captain, who was in very ill humor at the half, saw the Gascon Frenchman given his team, waited a few minutes and then demanded, as by the rules he had the right to do, that the referee blow his whistle and the game go on. The referee blew.

There was at that moment, on the French side of the field, just one player—the captain. Seeing what was go-

ing to happen, he began desperately to wigwag toward the stands. "Bien, bien, we are coming," answered his captain, all alone, could not stop that captain, all alone, could not stop a whole Welsh team. Wales scored. By that time the French players were delivering their adieus to the interested persons in the stands—bowing, shaking hands, taking last puffs out of cigarettes. Wales, reforming, scored once more upon a tri-color team which now had grown to six men. The rest against the three Welsh assaults. Then, retaking the initiative, they repeated their performance of the first half and once more ran Wales all over the field, again without scoring. At the end the count stood 10 to 0, all the points having been made while France was being polite.

Then there is Joffre. Remember Joffre? In the first days of 1914, the Germans had turned his left flank by the simple expedient of violating Belgium's neutrality, he was indeed in a blank of a d-d. Not only was his left flank turned, but down to the right, through Alsace-Lorraine, the Germans were pounding at Castelnau's thin line, a tremendous effort to get behind him. The world was simply coming down about his ears.

Fritzies Surprised

Well, that crazy Frenchman—But no, I cannot call him crazy. Really, he was not crazy. I'll just call him excited, because a Frenchman is always either crazy or excited.

Well, that excited Frenchman continued to sleep eight hours by night, to eat three meals (with wine) every day, to prefer this to an open car because, I presume, it lets in less air. He has a nice fat paunch, has Papa Joffre, and seeing him act that way, and thinking of this paunch, the Germans were amazed of how they would hit that paunch as soon as they got within reach.

They did finally—on the Marne. But they found that they had been easily tricked. That paunch was not what it seemed. It had been filled with scrap iron; the Germans, butting into it, rebounded. They rebounded from the Marne to the Aisne, and there and then lost their war.

You can never tell about a Frenchman; remember that when you size up Georges, Carpentier, the champion America has known. In fact his Holiness goes a little beyond modesty. A psychoanalyst would very likely find that Jack Dempsey has an inferiority complex about all things except one. He is aware of the fact that nothing much has been put into his head and he professes opinions in regard to almost everything gingerly.

This may very well explain his fondness for dogs and for children. Dogs made a god of man whether he is or not. We like to have them around because they flatter our vanity by the frankness of their adulation and admiration. Dempsey is hard on sparring partners but kind to dogs. The two big police dogs at the camp are his violent partisans. They he has accomplished a more difficult conquest than that in camp. The three old women who cook and wait on table in the Airport camp are just as obviously his slaves. No matter what reception the crowd may give Dempsey he will take into the ring with him the consolation that he is a hero to his cook.

Jeers May Spur Him

He is keenly sensitive to the criticism of crowds. The newspaper campaign against him hurt. He was so insensitive to the jeering of the crowd at Madison Square Garden the night he fought Brennan. If there are jeers in

is to box Dutch Brandt ten rounds. Mickey Russell and Johnny Levine will be seen in the six-round curtain. This show is to be staged at popular prices.

Four hundred doughboys from the 27th and 77th divisions will be guests of the Bronx Dromer, 167th Street and Westchester Avenue, to-morrow night when Bob Martin, heavyweight champion of the A. E. F. boxes Frank Moran in the final number of fifteen rounds.

Martin has been training at Freddie Welsh's health farm. Moran will leave White Sulphur Springs, Saratoga Lake, where he has been preparing for several weeks, at an early hour this afternoon. Both gladiators are reported to be in tip top form. Each has designs on the winner of the Carpentier-Dempsey battle.

The transients in town for the big bout are expected to visit the Bronx in the most numerous night. Besides the windup there will be three ten rounds: Jack Zivic vs. Morris; Jack Stone vs. Harry Krone, and Jimmy Kelly vs. Sammy Good. The program will start promptly at 8 o'clock.

Willie Herman, the Jersey lightweight, is to box Jimmy Hanlon; of Denver, in the twelve-round feature of the Armory A. A. show to-morrow night. The semi-windup of eight rounds Jimmy Tomasiello, of Elizabeth, tackles Sammy Diamond, of Jersey City.

This Bout Will Be Without Its Bit of Badinage

Dempsey Uses No Language in the Ring; Carpentier Is Also a Silent Battler

By Heywood Brown

This fight promises to be one for the eyes alone. There will be nothing to hear in the ring except the thump of gloves and perhaps the crash of a falling body, followed by a little cheering. Dempsey does not talk while he fights and neither does Carpentier, and even if he did they couldn't understand each other, and so that's that.

But silence is not traditional in the prizefighting. Other champions have chattered. It was almost as much fun to listen to Jack Johnson as to watch him. He kept up a running fire of comment during the fight with Jeffries. Working round to the corner where the late Bill Naughton sat dictating a story, he called out, "Get this into your story, Mr. Naughton," and proceeded to smack Jeffries with three straight lefts in succession. Sam Langford on one occasion when matched against a white hope enthusiastically agitated by a local sporting writer, backed his man directly in front of the ringside seat where the reporter sat, and shouting, "Here comes your champion," knocked the white man through the ropes and almost into the lap of his admirer. Young Corbett is supposed to have gained his successes against Terry McGovern by whispering would-forget insults as obscene as Terry's of his rage and leave himself wide open for a knockout punch. Kid McCoy was also aware of the usefulness of a taunt to say for himself.

Dempsey Wastes no Words

Even in defeat Jack Johnson went down talking. "Look at the little red spot on that white boy's body," he called out at one stage of the fight with Willard and then drove home his fist and left the mark of which he had spoken. As the tide turned against Johnson a Southerner sitting near the ringside, began to heap abuse upon him and Johnson kept answering him until a little bit before the end, when he called down to his tormentor: "White man, you're down there talking; I'm up here fighting."

There must be a certain swank and swagger to the fighter who wants to tell the world what he is doing as well as to show it. In Dempsey both these qualities seem to be lacking. He has little to say about his fighting prowess even outside the ring. Probably he is the most modest champion America has known. In fact his Holiness goes a little beyond modesty. A psychoanalyst would very likely find that Jack Dempsey has an inferiority complex about all things except one. He is aware of the fact that nothing much has been put into his head and he professes opinions in regard to almost everything gingerly.

This may very well explain his fondness for dogs and for children. Dogs made a god of man whether he is or not. We like to have them around because they flatter our vanity by the frankness of their adulation and admiration. Dempsey is hard on sparring partners but kind to dogs. The two big police dogs at the camp are his violent partisans. They he has accomplished a more difficult conquest than that in camp. The three old women who cook and wait on table in the Airport camp are just as obviously his slaves. No matter what reception the crowd may give Dempsey he will take into the ring with him the consolation that he is a hero to his cook.

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Dempsey's Morale Ebbing as Tale of Four Fists Nears End

Psychology of Criticism Is Revealed in Mental Depression of Champion

(Continued from page one)

drawn from the public at large since he annihilated the giant Willard just two years ago.

The psychological wave beat of this criticism, sent out by human wireless, has shattered much of the buoyancy that was a big factor in his ride to the top.

The mental depression has cut down the odds at least two points and has given his opponent, armed as he is with speed and hitting power, the one chance left to beat a bigger and a physically better man. When a man's mental state is depressed or warped, as Dempsey's is, he can never be at his best, no matter with what rippling flow his muscles may move nor with what power he can swing a fist.

For unless, in addition to the physical condition, his brain is clear, alert and clear, he can never quite come to the perfect coordination needed to drive through an opening at the second or to ward off a counter swing that ordinarily he might block with ease.

Not an Heroic Figure

This explains the case of Dempsey as he waits for Carpentier. And the fact that he believes that he has been victimized by public sentiment has only had a rougher effect upon his nerves.

If you were the representative of a certain nation and upon the big test-day you felt that the majority of that nation was pulling for your opponent, from a land three thousand miles away, you can imagine the depression that must wait with you as you waited, in turn, for the first round.

We are not here going into the theories of the right and the wrong of the controversy in Dempsey's case. Certainly he has no heroic figure. But without defending him, he wonders about others in higher realms than pugilism, especially others high in sports, who were no khaki, carried no pack nor slept in the mud of battle field or training camp. He knows that these have escaped the stinging lash which has followed him. Naturally it makes no one man overly cheerful, leaving out the right or the wrong of affairs, to carry the burden of a multitude. This angle is introduced to help to explain the mental state. The long extended criticism has taken away many of the qualities that brought him the championship. It has quite naturally dulled his old eagerness to keep his head above the crowd, where it is more of an open target. Not that there is any desire to lose. But there is a wide difference between not wanting to lose and the keen, intense eagerness to win that was part of his being at Toledo. And if, on entering the arena, he should find the crowd against him no man can say what slump of spirit might easily kill off the crushing power of his once mighty fists.

Carpentier ends his training to-day with the physical odds against him and the psychology of contest all his way.

Jersey City they will hit home. Dempsey is no means the thick-skinned, abysmal brute sometimes pictured. And yet we do not think that the possible factor of a crowd partisan for Carpentier will handicap Dempsey. Such a sting in the air might even lift him up to his head above the crowd, where it is more of an open target. Not that there is any desire to lose. But there is a wide difference between not wanting to lose and the keen, intense eagerness to win that was part of his being at Toledo. And if, on entering the arena, he should find the crowd against him no man can say what slump of spirit might easily kill off the crushing power of his once mighty fists.

Fighting is what the Frenchmen would call his "escape." Although he is now on the top of the wall, Dempsey has been underdog during most of his life. Things which happened to him as a hero have kept him back in the ring. He has kept his ego alive by having people on the chin and knocking them down. There are still some scores left

to pay. A good many harsh things have been said about Dempsey in the preliminary stories of the fight. We think that a good many of them have been unjust, but that is academic. Dempsey would like to answer them, but he lacks the verbal assurance. The fight offers him an opportunity. Once the gloves are on he will seek to express his "Is that so?" in pantomime. His answer to all his critics, illogical perhaps but still potent, will be in cutting swings with right and left. Indeed, if we are allowed to stretch a point, we might suggest that his motto is, "Say it with cauliflowerers."

The champion's speed in footwork and cleverness in blocking convinced the experts that Carpentier will not have an easy task hitting him. After the crowd fled out of the arena Manager Jack Kearns gave out the program for the next two days. Dempsey will do nothing more than punch the light bags for a round or two to-morrow. The departure for Jersey City is scheduled for Friday. He may make the trip in a special train. He will be secluded in a private residence in Jersey City the night before the battle. The location of the residence will not be divulged.

Some Fast Footwork

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After His Walk Champion Finds He Weighs 192

"I'm Glad It's Through," Says Jack to Williams, His Battered Target

ATLANTIC CITY, June 29.—With a light fifteen-minute work-out that included three rounds of boxing, Jack Dempsey to-day ended ten weeks of training in preparation for the defense of his world's championship against Georges Carpentier at Jersey City on Saturday afternoon.

The champion took his final work-out under the burning heat of a mid-afternoon sun under conditions that may prevail when he crawls into the ring to face the European champion. After working for the last two days in private, Dempsey performed in public this afternoon in his open air arena instead of the old airplane shed back of his camp. Included in the five hundred or more spectators was James J. Corbett, a former world's champion, who watched the title-holder critically as he went through his paces.

"Good boy, partner; I'm glad it's through. You have done good work," said Dempsey to the much battered Larry Williams when time was called ending the final round of boxing. The title-holder tenderly patted Williams on the back after they had shaken hands.

Weights 192 Pounds

Dempsey's final day of training was exceedingly quiet and tame. After taking a long walk with "Mike" Trant, Chicago detective, over the paved highway leading west from the camp, Dempsey returned for a brisk rub-down and a light breakfast. Before dressing the champion jumped on the scales in his rubbing room and balanced the beam at 192 pounds. He expects to shrink another two pounds from his frame within the next thirty-six hours.

The champion dropped into an easy chair in the shade of his front porch and passed the balance of the morning chatting with friends until time for his midday nap. After an hour of refreshing sleep Dempsey came downstairs, whistling softly to himself, and going into the parlor of his house, thumbed over a deck of cards while waiting for the time to get into his gymnasium clothes.

Eddie O'Hare, the middleweight sparring partner, had left camp early with the understanding that Dempsey would not do any more boxing. Jack was forced to box three rounds with Williams, the only sparring mate to make an appearance.

Attired in a flaming crimson shirt and blue trunks the sunburned Dempsey looked every inch a finely trained fighter when he crawled into the ring. He wore headgear and a thick padding of gauze over his left eye, to avoid any danger having that cut ripped open.

Some Fast Footwork

The champion's speed in footwork and cleverness in blocking convinced the experts that Carpentier will not have an easy task hitting him. After the crowd fled out of the arena Manager Jack Kearns gave out the program for the next two days. Dempsey will do nothing more than punch the light bags for a round or two to-morrow. The departure for Jersey City is scheduled for Friday. He may make the trip in a special train. He will be secluded in a private residence in Jersey City the night before the battle. The location of the residence will not be divulged.

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